

The **CHRISTIAN CENTURY**

A Journal of Religion

George W. Truett

*Ninth Article in Series on "Some Living
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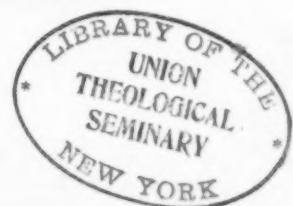
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Political Judaism

Editorial



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EDITORIAL

Illinois Governor Severely Strains Popular Loyalty

THE criminal charges against Governor Small and Lieutenant Governor Sterling are the scandal of the nation. Until the case has been given its legal hearing the fair-minded citizen will try to withhold judgment, even though he be filled with the gravest misgivings. Every man is innocent until he is proved guilty, and this principle must be applied even to politicians, though in such a case it is hard to keep people from acting on the reverse principle. Meanwhile, it must be said that Governor Small is making it hard for the fair minded public to keep a neutral mood. His course from the first announcement of the grand jury's findings has been anything but that which an innocent man should have adopted. In threatening to resist arrest with the power of the militia; in allowing his attorneys to set up the claim, as maladroit as it is ridiculous, that the king can do no wrong; and, at the time of our going to press, in remaining away from the capital city where the sheriff waits to serve the warrants, the governor is allowing the reservoir of public opinion to fill up with suspicion and prejudgment which can only with great difficulty be restrained in the inexorable day of trial. Moreover, Governor Small's talk since his indictment has been anything but reassuring. Not a hint of enlightenment has he given the public in respect to the matters wherewith he is charged. Instead he has talked explosively and excitedly about the alleged corruptions of the men and agencies which, he alleges, are in conspiracy to assassinate his character. All that he says may be true, or not true, but everybody can see that it is totally irrelevant to the charge that during his term of office as state treasurer Mr. Small, now governor, embezzled so many hundred thousand dollars of the state's funds. Men who are not guilty have one road, and only

one, back to public confidence. That road leads through a thorough and fearless investigation. If Illinois has been robbed by her state treasurers, her citizens will allow no legal fiction about the sacredness of the head of the state to stand in the way of the punishment of the guilty. If there has been no theft, Governor Small owes it both to himself and to the fair name of the state to have the charges cleared up in the eyes of all the world.

Christ and the Road to En-dor

THE Methodist Times, of London, tells us that spiritualism, far from dying in England, is still rampant. It attributes its vogue to the fact that it has so many wealthy "believers" as ardent evangelists. Sympathy with bereaved multitudes is also a reason why those who disbelieve in its "manifestations" are reluctant to condemn it. As an antidote for the "craze" the Times recommends a book of fiction, founded on fact, entitled "The Road to En-dor," by E. H. Scott, in which two officers, by pretending to be "mediums," won their freedom from a Turkish prison of war. All of which is interesting; but it seems to us that the deeper cause for the advent and growth of spiritualism is the lack of a confident and triumphant assurance of immortality on the part of the church, and that the remedy lies there. Jesus lived by the power of the endless life, and by that power the church won her early victories in the world. Then as now men everywhere were craving for a new power of divine grace, a new and haunting kind of goodness, and a more vivid hope. In that period of stress and hazard, when an old form of civilization was dying and another was coming to birth, it was the Christian vision of eternal life that gave relief and renewal; and that vision we must recapture for our troubled time. The notion of

eternal life popular in our day is not identical with the Christian doctrine which gave faith and hope and power in days of old. Indeed, our idea is not so much of the eternal life as of the future life, "a series of moments snipped off at one end and not at the other." It is not only defective but dangerous. It breaks the continuity and destroys all connection between our present lives and life further on. How different the grand conception of eternal life as revealed by Jesus, in which the sky begins at the top of the ground, which is both a treasure and a trophy, a possession and an anticipation, redeeming us from the cruelties and vicissitudes of time while saving us from a stagnant blessedness. By this faith men were victors over the world, and by it the new, uprising Christianity grasped the crumbling classic world and reshaped it. By this sign, and by no other, we too shall conquer!

Unemployment in the Spiritual Sphere

THE new census reveals the amazing fact that in Greater New York there are almost a million people of Protestant antecedents who are not associated with the churches of the city. These people have come into the metropolis from smaller communities, and have left the church behind them. When they go to church at all, they go as "tramps" from church to church, having no spiritual home, no active interest or fellowship. They are the spiritually unemployed, and the problem of dealing with them taxes the ingenuity and strategy of pastors and other Christian workers. The Roman Catholics order things differently and are finely organized for the purpose. They have the city divided into districts of so many blocks each and a committee to look after each district. As soon as a new family moves into the district a member of the committee calls to ascertain their religious affiliations; and if they are Catholics they are invited to the church of the parish, and at the same time their names are reported to the priest in charge. Similar plans are afoot to keep track of Protestant families moving to the city, as well as students and other young people who cast their lot in the metropolis. Pastors in smaller communities can help. When any of their people—especially their young people—are moving to New York, or to any great city, if they will notify a pastor of the communion to which they belong, it will facilitate the labors of their fellow-workers and save for the church many who otherwise may become indifferent or drift.

Kid Gloved Preaching Out of Date

DR. JOHN CLIFFORD, the grand old man of the free churches of Britain, has been telling some reminiscences—what a rich volume he carries in his mind, if he could be induced to write it down! Seventy years ago he was baptized in Nether Street Baptist Church, Beeston, and fifty-eight years ago, almost to a day, he preached his first sermon in Praed Street Church, Paddington. There was nothing remarkable, he tells us modestly, about the matter of the sermon, but the congregation was shocked

by his manner. "The style of the pulpit at that period may be judged by the fact that many ministers, acknowledged to be great preachers, wore kid gloves as they preached." Which thing is a parable. Kid gloved preaching, which touches lightly and deals gently with social evils, is still very popular. It does not shock; it soothes. Its eloquence is a kind of celestial chloroform. For example we need go no further back than the anti-slavery agitation, when the kid glove preacher did not once disturb the peaceful somnambulism which saw no conflict between the religion of Jesus and the owning of human beings as chattels. It is so today, in all the pleas for the church to be prudent, rather than prophetic, and vaguely platitudinous rather than definitely specific in respect to industrial conditions. The kid glove is a symbol of the moral neutrality of the church, which makes the Sunday morning service a symphony concert, and the sermon a dose of opium. Imagine Amos preaching in kid gloves! Imagine John Clifford—the great soldier in the wars of God—falling, or refusing, to handle moral realities with naked hands! His great loving heart, his uncompromising moral heroism, his valiant championship of every forward-looking cause—these are a part of the noblest tradition of the British pulpit.

Did the Smiths Win the War?

THERE were more Smiths in the world war than any other family. They were recruited 51,000 strong. This is far beyond the record of the Johnson family, which was represented by only 29,000 of their scions. Behind these come trailing 22,500 Jones people and 9,000 members of the Brown family. The Cohens make an astonishing showing with an enrollment of 4,500. Of course only an enthusiastic and indiscreet member of the Smith family would ever claim that the Smiths won the war, because of their numerical strength in that conflict. It is somewhat the same way with the denominational claims that are sometimes made. One denomination claims to be the mother of education and another the home of orthodoxy. Some claim peculiar missionary zeal and others an excess of liberality in giving. But the world will never be saved by the denominational Smiths or Joneses or Browns. It took everybody to win the war. Even some families that we had never had much to do with were made glorious in 1917 by placing a gold star on their banner. Certain small denominations have shown the way in particular things. The Moravians can teach us something in missionary zeal. The Universalists have exhibited admirable courage in contending for their convictions. Covenanter Presbyterians may be wrong in some of their views and altogether too narrow, but they have developed some great saints in their midst. The Quakers shame us all with their achievements in benevolence and perhaps also in moral character. That state of mind which can see no virtue save in some one particular household of faith misses much of the beauty of religion. The saints are not all of one denomination. The reformers were of many communions. The great missionaries have in divine providence been distributed among all denominations. Secta-

rian pride would close our eyes to the beauty of holiness in the whole church of Christ. It takes a catholic spirited Christian to get that fellowship in the church of Christ which is most rewarding. The Smiths did not win the war, though we appreciate fully all that they did. America won the war. And the war against sin and spiritual blindness will some day be won not by a denominational family but by the whole united family of God.

The Menace of the Street Fair

THIS is the season for the street fair. In small towns all over the land village officials are being tempted by the offer of a liberal license fee to permit the setting up of the questionable shows which are the usual feature of the street fair. Since these communities have so little in the way of legitimate and uplifting recreation, public sentiment often demands the fair. The protest from the church people is feeble and ineffective. Yet everyone knows just exactly what the harvest is after the fair has departed. Female harpies traveling with the shows leave behind their trail of venereal disease to curse the community for years afterwards. Gambling devices create an appetite in the community for this kind of unnatural excitement. The economic loss to the town is not usually given serious consideration. Were the community to put up half as much money for clean and wholesome recreation under local direction, its population might play a whole year instead of a single week. Perhaps the minister will preach against the evil shows after they are gone and he realizes in some measure just how bad they were. To preach against a popular recreation, however bad, without putting something in its place is a futility. Play is not a superfluous thing to be rooted out of life, but a legitimate part of every life program. If the community has no other leadership for community play, the churches must furnish it. During the war manuals were printed giving directions for many games in which the whole community could engage. The Y. M. C. A. has been particularly skillful in putting some of these programs into operation. By all means abolish the street fair, but do not forget to put on a constructive program. Otherwise your church will be known chiefly in the character of a kill-joy institution.

Foes In Labor's Own Household

MURDER can be hired at fixed charges in Chicago, according to the confession of the chief of a squad of Chicago "bombers." If one wants to get even with a man and he looks like a husky citizen, one may secure a slugging for him at twenty-five dollars for the ordinary every-day article. If there is any doubt about the job being done right, one can go along and supervise the job. Two sticks of dynamite will be set off to blow out the front of a store for two hundred dollars. For three hundred dollars three sticks of dynamite will be placed in such a manner as to destroy a building. The reader inquires, who wants to hire the agents of so nefarious a business? The confession of the indicted man is that the labor unions

of Chicago have secured just such aid. By intimidation they have induced unwilling men to join the union. Recalcitrant employers have been brought to tame. For a time it has seemed effective. But the unions which employ this method have the least real loyalty among their men. Those organizations which handle employers by threats and intimidations in the long run lose their contention. For a long time the public has heard of the injustices practiced by the employing class upon labor. That story has to be told and retold until a new attitude and perhaps a new system of industrial relations have been created. But the fair-minded citizen insists on hearing both sides of the story and especially the impartial churchman. The church has been trying in recent years to help the labor unions of the country win better wages and better working conditions. It is now embarrassed to be found advocating the cause of any organization which stoops to slugging and assassination as a means of gaining its ends. Just as the church has called upon employers for living wages and humane conditions, it now calls upon the labor unions to clean house. They cannot hope for big victories under the leadership of men who will use criminal weapons to secure doubtful victories.

Political Judaism

M. MORGENTHAU spilled the beans and now they are running all over. The Christians and Moslems of Palestine have formed an association to resist the movement to convert their land into a Jewish state. However little else they may have in common, this has furnished a bond of fellowship. The Zionist councils have faced a crisis which has been met even temporarily only by an astonishing magnanimity on the part of the American division. Of the hundred million dollars the Zionist propaganda requires, eighty are expected from American Jewish contributors. Yet the control of the funds of the movement is largely vested in the leaders of other national groups. The American contingent has protested, but has not rebelled, though American traditions breed bold sentiments touching "taxation without representation."

Mr. Morgenthau has gone at the heart of the problem which thoughtful observers outside of Jewry have puzzled over from the start. And he cuts the knot with characteristic American directness. He does not believe in a Palestinian Jewish state at all. He cannot reconcile its aspirations, or even its existence, with his Americanism. And the latter he does not propose to surrender. He professes a sort of Judaism which does not force him into a dilemma. He does not propose to be forced now or at any time into a choice of loyalties, as between his religion and his national obligations.

How can any American Jew fail to see the dilemma which Mr. Morgenthau thus so masterfully avoids? No thoughtful American Gentile has been able to understand how such a broad-minded Hebrew ecclesiastic as Rabbi Wise, or so astute a Hebrew layman as Louis Marshall, can carry their American patriotism and their Zionism in

the same mental structure. All have wondered how long the bulkhead in their double compartment minds could endure the strain.

Political loyalty is one. Under the present world order it does not admit of division. The citizens of any nation may maintain a Platonic admiration for the political systems of neighboring nations, but their ultimate loyalty cannot be "Platonized." Spiritual Judaism is one thing. A Palestinian state, or a Jewish political organization anywhere else, is a very different thing—at least in Gentile estimation. It is easy to understand how such an organization is the goal of even the most spiritual Judaism when entertained by a realist mind. But it is not the less impossible to reconcile its concrete realization with the present social and economic status of the Jew in all parts of the world.

Once a Jewish state is set up in Palestine, in so far as it is accepted as the proper expression of Judaism, the Jew of the diaspora must surrender his religion. Is there any escape from this issue? The Jew can be a Jew anywhere, so long as his religious adherence carries with it no political implications. At least he can be an acknowledged Jew in every land where religious freedom is guaranteed or practiced. And even in states where an established religion other than Jewish debars him from the fullest and highest participation in the affairs of state, he can still hold to his religion without too serious embarrassment.

But what would be the status of the Jew in any land of the present world when the profession of his religion would inevitably identify him with the fortunes and aspirations and diplomacy, even with the military policies, of a political state alien to the society of his residence and citizenship? The status seems, at least to the Gentile mind, altogether impossible. A revival of anti-Semitism, and its spread to lands where heretofore it has not prevailed, is not the least embarrassing of the inevitable results of such a move. How can the Jewish outlander maintain his own spiritual and mental integrity? It is not even necessary to imagine a possible precipitation of war between the new Jewish state and the land of his citizenship. War is not, let us hope, the necessary condition or even potentiality among separate political states. But it remains true, by the very nature of the present system of political organization, that political loyalty is one, and cannot be divided. Hyphenation, discriminating Americans are by this time well aware, must remain spiritual, or racial, or sentimental; it dare not become political under any circumstances.

If the proposed new Jewish state in Palestine is to be and remain a province or dominion of the British Empire the way is smoothed for any Jew residing and claiming citizenship in any portion of the British Empire. But the way is decidedly roughened for the Jew elsewhere. The Briton is honored, especially in times of peace, in most regions of the world for his connection with so magnificent a political structure, but for that very reason his political loyalty is the more emphasized in his own mind and scrutinized by citizens of other political units. A Jew identified with so insignificant a power as an independent

Palestinian state must forever be, would, in many lands and on many occasions, be in a far more advantageous position when a resident of an outlying nation, than if he were recognized as a Briton. The anticipated dependence of the new Palestine upon British sovereignty thus fails to relieve the embarrassment of Zionism; it would seem rather to compound it.

Christianity is international, inter-racial, and has tended through recent centuries to become non-political. The recent world war has shown how embarrassing, not to say futile, has been the attempt to maintain a religion partly political and partly non-political. But the missionary character and practice of the Christian religion has enabled it to come through even such a crisis as the recent war with its integrity not entirely destroyed. Its weakness in the minds of many has been revealed in the impotence of its ecclesiastical system to cope with such an international situation as the war precipitated.

But if Christianity had been officially identified with either one of the combatants, its value as a spiritual factor in the new world economy would have been utterly destroyed, and the war could not possibly have held to the fore the issues which most of the participants believed, and in the main still hope will prove to have been the real ends and aims of the conflict.

Judaism is not a missionary religion. It does not invite those of Gentile races to accept its tenets and share its ideals, except on terms which so far sacrifice their self-respect as to leave altogether negligible any non-Jewish adherence to the cult. To become international Judaism would be compelled to lose its character as a historic religion. It is international now, and has been since the first dispersion ages ago, in a sense in which some may be pleased to use the term. But even the qualified internationalism it has been able to boast would be absolutely impossible except through a "dispersion" and its failure to realize its political goal, a goal the hope of which Zionists and the majority of the orthodox have quite consistently contended is essential to the vitality of the cult.

Judaism verily faces a dilemma. It dare not identify itself with a political state, nor dare it decline to do so, now that the opportunity seems afforded. Mr. Morgenthau is a religious liberal. From the orthodox Jewish point of view, even from the point of view of Rabbi Wise's free synagogue he is very much of a liberal. He does not propose to surrender his Americanism, nor aught of its political implications. Nor does he propose to be read out of the Jewish fold. He professes a kind of Jewish faith which requires no Jewish political state as its consummation, not even a remote goal of its hope.

Many Gentiles will join with the orthodox Jew in wondering what sort of Judaism that may be. But Mr. Morgenthau's Americanism is none the less gratifying and honoring to him. And his spiritual insights are not the less thrilling, by whatever name they may go, or under whatever cult they may be fostered. If he chooses to style that cult Judaism, all who share the true American passion for religious freedom will honor his choice, and men of the spirit, under whatever name, will enter into a deepened spiritual fellowship with him.

Preaching in Fiction

THE incredibly stupid sermon of the minister in "Main Street," as Mr. Lewis reports it, suggests a brief study of preaching as reported in modern fiction. It is an interesting inquiry, which our readers may extend indefinitely if they are so minded. If they pursue it they will discover that the pulpit does not often come off well at the hands of our novelists. But there are exceptions; and ministers are not in a mood to strike back, but rather humbly to learn what kind of preaching our novelists deem effective. They deal with the stuff of life, with the making and unmaking of character, with the braiding together of human lives, for good or ill, with the discipline of tragedy and the teaching of events. They are, in fact, great outside preachers, and we have been studying some of their sermons.

Examples, of course, are many. One recalls the glorious sermons in the stories of George Macdonald—himself a preacher—and those piercing, poignant, heart-shaking sermons as reported by Mark Rutherford, who, though he left the pulpit, remained always a preacher. How can one forget the sermon in "The Revolution of Tanner's Lane," to name but one? But we turn from preacher-novelists to novelists who turn preachers and write sermons into their stories. Before us lie two English novels of unequal merit, but each containing a very striking sermon. The first is "The Soul of Susan Yellam," by H. A. Vachell, which shows us something of the drab and dingy life of an English village during the war. Of course a sermon lifted out of the atmosphere of the story, which tells why it was preached, as well as the effect it had upon those who heard it, loses much; but the sermon of Rev. Mr. Hamlin is worth hearing none the less:

Next Sunday, he took for his text the verse out of the 106th Psalm: "And He gave them their desire; but withal He sent leanness into their soul." He began by reminding his parishioners of what he had said in his sermon on patriotism: the soul in its essence was always right,—"what there is of it," he added impressively. "Some souls are very lean. I want you to notice that the word 'soul' is used in the singular. God sent leanness into the soul of his people. Nations, therefore, like individuals, possess souls. Has leanness entered into the soul of our nation?"

"We have prospered exceedingly. We are even richer than our expert accountants deem us to be. Some of you may have glanced casually at the stupendous figures which set forth the wealth and resources of the British Empire. We forget to consider how this vast wealth is piled up. It is not my purpose to consider that with you, today. But such consideration is the duty of those who are able to deal with these astounding figures. We have been, in short, given our desire. In the text you will note that God gave his people their desire; and then he sent leanness into their souls.

"What was their desire? The psalmist informs us in the context. God's chosen people had wandered from him. They had corrupted themselves, as we read in Exodus. I will cite one instance known to the youngest child here: they had set up and worshipped the calf of Horeb, the golden calf, which has stood forth ever since as the symbol of Mammon. They wanted their golden calf, and God gave it to them. And he sent leanness into their souls. To many of us this text presents difficulties. Is it wrong for a nation to desire worldly prosperity? Is it wrong for an individual,

for any one of us, to desire to better one's condition in life, to rise, as it is called, in the world? Most certainly not. Such a desire is firmly rooted in every healthy nation, in every healthy man and woman. It is basic, the mainspring of human endeavor and human advancement, rooted in nations and individuals by God.

"The desire, then, in its simplest form, must be right. Its accomplishment may be utterly wrong. Desires change their character during accomplishment. Thrift, for instance, may degenerate into parsimony; temperance, if uncontrolled, leads to intemperance; the noblest ambitions may become insensate; proper care of the body, which I have commended to you, may end in vanity; love, alas! is often deformed into lust. All that is obvious. No one questions it. Desires, then, face two ways. They may lead us to God or away from Him; they may enrich or impoverish the soul. But why, you may ask, does God, as in the text, deliberately gratify soul-impoverishing desires in a nation, with the knowledge and therefore with the intention of making the soul of that nation lean? The answer is plain. Nations, like individuals, exercise the privilege of free-will. The choice between good and evil is theirs, as it is mine and yours.

"How can we tell whether the soul of a nation be lean? There is an infallible test, the same test which each of us must apply to ourselves. Never forget that what we think, we are. What we go on thinking, we become. By a nation's thoughts, by your own thoughts, the soul's stature may be measured. If the thoughts of a nation, if your own thoughts, dwell habitually upon self-advancement and self-indulgence, be sure that the soul is dwindling instead of expanding. If your thoughts, collectively or individually, are hard, jealous thoughts concerning other nations, the soul is growing lean. But when we think of others with love animating our thoughts, and if that love, in ever-widening circles includes not only friends but all, all who claim from us pity and consideration, then it is very well with the soul. It is expanding, and is capable of an expansion so immense that, like time and space, no finite mind can measure it.

"Hate impoverishes souls and bodies. A man under the influence of a violent passion is physically the worse. A doctor will tell you that. A nation convulsed by hate is physically weaker. Violence is not strength. It may appear to be so for a brief time. In a stand-up fight, between two men, the man who loses his temper is likely to lose the victory. At this moment, a gospel of hate is convulsing our enemies. We may, and must, hate what they have done, the atrocious crimes perpetrated by and for authority, but let us beware of hating, as they hate, because such rancor eats away the soul. Let us remember who said, 'God forgive them, for they know not what they do.' Let us consider more attentively the desires of a nation and their direction—upward or downward. I repeat emphatically that the desires of a nation are the desires of the individual immeasurably multiplied.

"And first, I should like to suggest to you that desires concerned with material ends, such as money, or any other worldly ambition, are generally gratified, provided we work for them hard enough. When are desires soul-impoverishing? How can we tell when a nation or an individual, after rising steadily upward, reaches a point from which it and he, as steadily, descend? The answer may be found in the book Micah: 'He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the lord require of thee, but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?' In itself a nation can achieve much, so can an individual; but if self-advancement, in any form, whether modest or far-reaching, relies upon itself and takes to itself the credit and glory, then we are not walking humbly with God, but speeding from him along a road that may lead to success, as the world interprets success, but which leads, also, to disappoint-

ment, disillusionment, and often at the last—despair. The great conquerors of history have not been happy men. Everything that is done vaingloriously turns to ashes. From that sad thought we may take this much comfort. Ashes, as you farmers know, are great fertilisers. I know of no greater proof of God's wisdom and mercy than this: the ashes of our failures do, so I believe, cause good to bloom out of evil.

"If it be true that leanness has been sent into the soul of this nation, if we have not walked humbly with God, what can be done? The answer is to be found not only in the Bible, but in every chapter of the world's history. We must make atonement by sacrifice."

It is good preaching; it is good homiletics; it is simple, direct, and practical. The preacher paused, and many remembered the pause afterwards, as he uttered the word "sacrifice"—for he had a son in the army, who was killed two days later. How the sermon fitted the situation, and how each applied it to someone else—the better to parry its thrust at themselves—the novelist tells us with the privilege of his art. It is a sermon good for the soul of America, as for England, for a nation or an individual, the two being kept together all through. A different kind of sermon, more familiar and colloquial, as beffited the congregation—it is preached in the dismal slums of London—may be read in "A Candidate for Truth," by J. D. Beresford. The preacher, Rev. Cecil Barker, Vicar of St. Mark's, is one of the best clerical characters portrayed in recent fiction, so human, yet so haunted by a passion for human souls. He picks up pieces of men and women out of the waste basket of a great city, and puts them together again. Taking for his text St. James 2:8: "If ye fulfill the royal law according to the Scriptures, thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, ye do well," his sermon, as reported by the author, was as follows:

"I was passing Buckingham Palace a few weeks ago and saw a crowd collected round the gates. I joined them, and listened to what some of them were saying. It appeared that the queen was expected to drive out. There were two women just in front of me chattering, and I heard one of them say to the other: 'I do love to get a sight of royalty.' I asked her just what she meant by royalty, and she told me she meant kings and queens. I suppose most of you here mean kings and queens when you speak of royalty, and that is why I want you to consider for a moment what St. James meant when he spoke of this 'royal law.'"

Still in a vein that was half colloquial, Barker carried on an explanation of the various gradations of law. He spoke of the law of the home, of the rules of a club, and then of the laws of parliament and the edicts of monarchs.... When this point had been made he returned to his definition of a royal law which he now showed to be one which overruled all others: "When St. James speaks of a royal law, he makes a wider sweep still. The king he refers to is the King of kings and Lord of lords, and his law was framed without distinction of nations; it is applicable to every human being now living in the world, and it was ordained to override every law framed by human agency, so that when the lesser law contradicts the greater, the lesser should be revoked or altered."

He returned to his opening anecdote, and to make his point he read the following verse of the epistle: "But if ye have respect to persons, ye commit sin, and are convinced of the law as transgressors." He asked: "Do you find that a hard saying? Do you think that because we are enjoined to have no 'respect to persons' we must become democrats or socialists?" He explained that what was intended was

that this greater law recognized no differences between individuals, and that if the queen was adored for her queenship, and not because she was a fellow-creature, we were convinced of the law as transgressors. He denounced without restraint the attitude of flatterers and sycophants, and then, with a sudden application of his theme, he said, with blunt emphasis:

"You are all sycophants; snobs, every one of you. There is no sacrifice you wouldn't make if some sprig of royalty invited you to his house, but you would not walk across the street to help John Jones, your neighbor. You break the royal law every day of your lives a dozen times a day. You think it might be easy to love the queen of England as yourself, but what about the poor devil who snatched your watch in the high road because he was starving? Do you feel that you can love him as yourself?" At this point he changed his tone, and, bending over the pulpit, he spoke in a more confidential voice: "Rotten things, laws, aren't they? Always new laws being made and old ones altered; the poor layman doesn't know what he may do and what he mayn't, half the time...."

From his point of vantage the vicar looked down on a congregation with smiling faces. "That makes you smile, doesn't it?" he said. "Only you know that if we could just keep that one royal law of St. James, if we could all love our neighbors as ourselves, there would be no need for any other law; there would be no need for socialism any more than for kings and queens and parliaments; there would be no need for armies and navies, or prisons or taxes. What a happy place this world might be if we could substitute that one royal law for all the others."

And all of us say Amen, like Cairns in the story: "Capital sermon he gave us"; and there it ends. It was real preaching, and we regret that the author did not give us the whole of it. After such manner our modern novelists write sermons, good sermons—simple, vivid, happy in illustration, and pungent in application—but are they any better, any more human, than most of the sermons to be heard in our churches? We think not. None the less the preacher can learn much from the novelist both as to style and, no less, the appropriation and presentation of truth by the imagination. The man of the pulpit has the greatest of all stories to tell, surpassing any romance ever written—and it behoves him to learn from all artists how to tell it with charm and power and haunting beauty.

The Pajamas

A Parable of Safed the Sage

THERE came unto me a Young Man, who said, I desire a better Job. For behold, I have been long in my Present Situation, and I am Getting Nowhere. And I desire to Move Up.

And I inquired of him concerning his Occupation, and he told me what it was. And I asked him certain Questions concerning matters such as I supposed to belong to his Vocation.

And he answered me, saying, I once learned that, but I have forgotten. And, I know the answer to that question, but I cannot think of it just now. And, I have a book wherein I look up such matters when I have need.

But there was nothing which I asked of him which he could tell me Right Off the Bat.

And I said unto him, Once upon a time there was a

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man who said, I have occasion to travel now and again, and behold, I will keep a Bag that is always packed. And he put into it a Suit of Pajamas, and a Safety Razor, and a Tooth Brush, and a Pair of Hair Brushes, and divers other things, such as Travelers need.

And he went upon a Journey, and it came to pass in the morning that he arose and put on his Raiment, and took his Bag and went to the Wash Room. And his Pajamas did he leave in his Berth. And while he was washing and shaving, the Porter came along, and removed the Sheets and the Pillow Cases from his berth, and gathered them into an armful, and chuck'd them into his Laundry Bag. And the Pajamas rolled he up with the Linen. And when the man came back from the Wash Room, behold, his berth was all made up nicely. And he sat down in comfort, and in due time he got off the train, and he gave a Quarter to the Porter, and was at peace with himself and with all mankind.

But the next night when he started back, he removed

his clothing in his berth, and he sought in his bag for his Pajamas.

And he was Considerably in Need of them, but they were not there, nor hath he ever found them.

And I said unto the young man, It is impossible for a man to keep constantly in his mind all the facts and principles and ideas which he may sometime need. But he who succeedeth must be able to produce on demand the vital elements of his Stock in Trade. A man cannot do business forever on the things he formerly knew, any more than the mill can grind with the water that is past. Neither may a man depend upon those Facts which he once possessed, but which have drifted away into the general region of the Beautiful Isle of Somewhere.

And I said, There come to men moments when they have retired behind the Curtain and removed their Raiment, when one suit of Pajamas that are available for immediate use is worth a thousand pieces of lingerie rolled up in the Linen of the Pullman Company.

VERSE

Columbus in a Storm

BY day and night upon a raging sea,
Engulfed by waves and torn by savage winds,
Columbus drove his ships toward the west.
By day the lookout scanned the skyline's edge,
By night he listened for a thundering surf;
While in his reeling cabin sat the man
Who in an age of darkness sailed by faith:
Beneath a lanthorn's light lay stretched his charts.

Upon a sea of surging tragic years,
Now balked by adverse winds from unknown shores,
Now fiercely driven by the storm she knows,
Fearing today the terrors of the deep,
Thinking tonight she hears the breakers roar;
Humanity, like him who found the new world's shores,
Must trust the charts her bravest hours have drawn,
And steer by faith, with quiet heart and strong.

WORTH M. TIPPY.

Youth

NOT theirs to question or to hesitate
hence once they hear the challenge and the call;
Not theirs the doubting mood that like a pall
Lies on our hearts; they ponder not their fate,
Nor are they wise like us to speculate
Of loss or gain. Like flame upleaping they
Their answer make, and laughing march away,—
To new-born worlds their lives are dedicate.

And we, O God, shall we no longer dare
To follow waving banners of a dream?
Shall we not still their questing spirit share
In high adventure faithful to the gleam?

O God of Youth, when Thy far bugles blow,
Gird Thou our sinews and our souls to go!

CLYDE McGEE.

Children of the Night

(Suggested by protective work for girls on Chicago streets)

NIGHT waits above the glare of blazing streets,
Denied her virtuous, God-appointed part;
Fain would she clasp in sleep, safe in her breast,
The little maids that course the city's heart.

Hold, Night! Blame not these eager, cramped young souls,
Blame rather thy lean, irksome sister, Day.
These children see in thee but mad release;
Thou art indeed their only time for play.

Yea, children of the city's garish night,
We should to you for bitter wrongs atone.
Let him who hath no sin against you wrought—
Let such an one be first to cast a stone.

Ah, God! Thou markest well; thou carest still.
With tears of Deity the night is wet.
But, Lord, are all thy followers asleep?
Art thou again on lonely Olivet?

ELEANOR INGLE PILSON.

Lyric

SIXTY Aprils have I seen,
And sixty winters white—
Processions now of green,
Led on by lordly light,
And now dark hordes that hide
In gloom the summer's pride—
Yet none can say that I
Within my bosom's core,
Beneath whatever sky,
Found not beside my door
Bright evidence of spring,
And hope in everything.

CHARLES G. BLANDEN.

George W. Truett

Ninth Article in Series on "Some Living Masters of the Pulpit"

By Joseph Fort Newton

THREE scenes are linked in my mind as I think of the career of Dr. Truett, whose ministry is one of the most remarkable in the history of the modern church. Taken together they show how God made a mighty preacher, endowed and trained him for his task, and set him in a place of influence and power. He is a truly great preacher, as much for the depth, simplicity and intensity of his faith, as for the size, poise, and incommunicable charm of his personality. No man among us has more of what Joseph Parker called "the tone of great preaching," which might be the solicitude of a mother, the passion of a father, and the wooing note of a lover, all in one. "Men are guided by type, not by argument," said Bagehot; "it is the life of teachers that is catching, not their tenets"; and that is supremely true of Dr. Truett, whose character fulfills the words of Amiel who said, "to be religious is to personify and embody the Eternal."

The first scene is from a biographical sketch of Dr. Truett, all too brief, which shows us the boy from the Blue Ridge Mountains at a meeting of the Baptists of Georgia, in the old court-house at Marietta, in 1889. He was there to plead the cause of the youth of the mountains, as precious as gold for the miner's pick and fit to adorn the crown of a king. Tall, pale, shy, vastly embarrassed in the focus of so many eyes, the youth was forced into the aisle and led to the "prisoners' dock." There he told his story, forgetting himself—as he always does—and remembering only youth denied an opportunity of access to its rightful inheritance of knowledge. It was a simple story, but epic in its pathos of quiet recital of the passions, hopes, and longings of an unsung heroism. It grew more poignant with each word, until every heart was broken and yet athrill, moved alike by the merit of the plea and by the tones of a voice which carries the burden of tears which seems ever laid upon it. It was no pitiful plea of poverty—who ever heard that from a southern mountaineer?—but the cry of a youth in behalf of youth, the strong persuasion of a just matter, the logic of one who was resolved to let his own lack of opportunity plead for others. Suffice it to say that the young man of twenty-two went back to his mountain home taking new hope and joy with him.

WESTWARD TO TEXAS

Thence, after a time, the path of the young man led westward to Texas, where his parents had moved ahead of him. Within a few years he had saved a college from financial despair, had endowed it, had been graduated from it, and was elected to its presidency. Happily, and wisely, he did not accept the honor, keeping to the path marked out for his soul by One who made him to be a preacher. The triumphs of Dr. Truett—"plain, mountain-hearted, love-torn George Truett," in the words of one of his friends—read like a legend, as year by year he moved forward, divinely led while humbly following, to a

place of command among his brethren. The man who wooed cowboys to their knees won cities also, until, in 1897, he came to the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Dallas, a noble church destined to grow under his leadership to be one of the mighty forces of the nation, both in numbers and in spiritual fruitfulness. There, as pastor, teacher and evangelist, his genius has shone for more than twenty years, where his name is a household word, and his fame is like a fragrance throughout the nation.

The second scene was two years later, in Louisville, at a meeting of the Baptist convention of the south in 1899, when Dr. Truett was the preacher. It was a great occasion, and there was a great orator to match it. The picture is vivid in my memory—the finely wrought sermon, the burning earnestness of the preacher—but no words of mine can describe a voice which has in it an echo of that infinite pain that throbs forever in the human heart; the voice of one who knows that humanity is deeply wounded, and that only Christ can heal it. The sermon was entitled "The Subject and Object of the Gospel," and was valuable not only for its exposition of the theme but as a revelation of the ideals of the preacher. He magnified his office, and there were passages of stinging rebuke of clap-trap methods which degrade the pulpit. "All sensationalism in the pulpit is worse than sawdust," he said; it smacks of the street and is a burning shame upon the Christian ministry. The following passage from the sermon gives one clue to the secret of a preacher who knows whereof he speaks, and in whom the Christ-motif is supreme:

"Nothing can take the place of the Christian ministry. The progress of civilization, the making of many books, the increase of schools and learning, the marvelous triumphs of the press—mighty as are all of these agencies—they can never supersede the divinely sent preacher . . . In the great crises of the past, matchless has been the influence wielded by God's prophets and preachers. When all other voices have failed, they have rallied the wavering people to the standards of truth and righteousness. It was the golden-mouthed Chrysostom who became the oracle of the hour in the days when Antioch was smitten with terror. It was the flaming Augustine who rallied his fellow countrymen from despair and breathed into their lives new hope and purpose, when imperial Rome lay bleeding and trampled beneath the heel of an invading oppressor. It was the plain, yet invincible Luther, who, when reeking corruption reigned in the papal court and spread its blight over all Europe, spoke forth words that echoed as the thunder and were piercing as the lightning, stirring a revolution that thrilled all Christendom and marking a new epoch in the civilization of the world. As in the past so shall it be in the future, that God's foremost instrument is his preacher, in both the civilization and the evangelization of the world."

There was an element in Paul's preaching that must needs be in all effective preaching. It was his tone of authority. He believed his message with all his heart, and as God's ambassador he delivered it without quailing, for one moment under any fire. There is untold power in him who knows his mission is a thing of God's own willing, and that he cannot fail, though doubts may shroud in cloud the transient hour.

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It is conviction that convinces. The last place on earth for stammering and indefiniteness is the pulpit. Christ's ambassador is to proclaim his Master's message rather than to defend it. He is a witness rather than an advocate. Christianity is nothing if it is not sublimely positive. It is not a conundrum to be guessed at, or a theory to be speculated upon, but it is a divine revelation which is to be implicitly accepted and followed with the deepest heart-throb of our lives. To be continually on the defensive is contrary to the very genius and purpose of the gospel. The gospel faithfully preached is its own best defense."

A SERMON ON CAPITOL STEPS

The third scene was in Washington, in May, 1920, where the hosts of southern Baptists had assembled for their great convention—perhaps the greatest religious assembly in the world. As the convention was held in the national capital it was decided that there should be an address setting forth the Baptist position with regard to the relation of church and state; and Dr. Truett was selected to deliver the address. He stood on the front steps of the capitol building, looking toward the White House, and the audience, numbering many thousands, filled the open space. Not for twenty years had I seen Dr. Truett, and time had powdered his hair; but the wonderful voice, with its haunting keys and cadences, was the same. The address was entitled "Baptists and Religious Liberty," and it was as much a sermon as an oration, reviewing the long struggle for the freedom of faith, and the part which Baptist heroes had in fighting the battle. If it celebrated liberty, it was also a plea for what Burke called "a manly, moral, regulated liberty"; and it laid emphasis upon the obligations which all true liberty imposes, lest it be used "for an occasion of the flesh." But liberty is not all. Even if education be added to liberty it is not enough, for "a democracy needs more than intelligence—it needs Christ"; and the address closed with a demand for evangelization nation-wide, world-wide, and ceaseless. For more than an hour the orator held the vast audience enthralled, and he sent us away with a solemn and overwhelming sense of the crisis of the modern world and its challenge to the Christian faith.

Some one said of Spurgeon that his theology, by itself, was abhorrent, but that it was never by itself. It was mixed with the stuff of the man, dipped and dyed in all the hues of his life, touched with spiritual genius and transfigured by a glorified common sense. In the same way, to many of us the theology of Dr. Truett would seem archaic, if not untenable, if we stopped to remember it. What we remember is not his theory but his experience, and we share and rejoice in the grand orthodoxy of the heart which makes his preaching so vital and compelling. Like the rest of us, when he argues he is weak; when he tells of the love of God and the saviourhood of Christ, he is irresistible. According to Aristotle—whose book on Rhetoric every preacher should study, if only to learn that rhetoric is not mere cookery, as Plato said in contempt—the office of the orator is persuasion, for which three qualities are necessary: prudence, moral excellence, and the good of the hearers at heart. No one fulfills these conditions more perfectly than Dr. Truett, whose character lights up like an altar lamp the teaching of his words. More than an evangelist, he is an evangel. As a

rough man put it, unconsciously paying a high tribute, "He is a man who means it without trying to." His sincerity is not simply transparent, it is luminous. Men know that he loves them—they feel it—and that his one wish is to win them to Christ, and that to that end he spends his power without thought of himself. One of his friends has tried to describe his secret:

What is it that constitutes the acknowledged power of his preaching? In one answer all opinions meet. It is something in the man himself—the man behind the sermon, the incarnation of truthfulness in the messenger. Many sermons will yield to analysis the secret of their charm. Though many of the sermons of Truett have been reported in full, he belongs to that class of preachers who convince us that preaching is in the highest sense an incarnation, something more than a report of the truth, something more than the proclamation of the gospel. Whitfield could so speak the most commonplace words as to send chills through his audience. Truett has much of this power to communicate to men his soul on the most ordinary vehicles of thought and language. His words take on his spiritual quality as the dull black wire takes on the electric current.

Electricity, however, is scarcely a fortunate figure. He is least of all of the spectacular type. There is nothing angular or irregular in him. He has none of the personality run to seed—individualism on a pious spree. The strongest personalities are not eccentric. Eccentricity is unnecessary to such men. They have specific gravity beyond the need of peculiar advertisement. Too much of what men call personality in the pulpit, in the view that preaching is an incarnation, must hinder rather than help the gospel purpose. Is it possible that evangelism, which, reduced to the terms of psychology, is egotism, can be the appointed power of God unto salvation? The power of George Truett, as a preacher, can have no such explanation.

The phrase most often employed to explain Truett is "heart-power." Translated into visible, audible fact, it is this: A man of substantial flesh, enough to be a man of like passions with other men; an open Saxon face—a serious, some say a sad face; a voice set in a key of pathos; an impression of unfeigned sympathy, as of a man who has suffered, and whose pain, whatever it be, has become lost in a larger pain, through exchange of all personal life sorrows for the great human sorrow everywhere. In declining the presidency of Baylor University he said simply in explanation: "I have sought and found the shepherd's heart." Perhaps there lies the hiding of his power. Many have quoted the great avowal which Frederic Myers puts into the mouth of Paul the Apostle, but none whom I know can appropriate it more truly than Truett, when he stands before a congregation of his fellow men to preach the gospel that saves:

"Oft when the word is on me to deliver,
Lifts the illusion and truth lies bare,
Desert or throng, the city or the river
Melts in a lucid paradise of air.

"Only like souls I see the folk thereunder
Bound who should conquer, slaves who should be kings;
Hearing their one hope with an empty wonder,
Sadly content in a show of things.

"Then with a rush the intolerable craving
Shivers throughout me like a trumpet call.
Oh, to save these, to perish for their saving,
Die for their life, be offered for them all."

A PASSION FOR SOULS

When all due allowance is made for the beautiful exaggeration of friendship in this tribute, these words do help

us to know the power of a preacher whose passion for human souls is a consuming fire, and whose ministry is attuned to the mighty music of redemption. The latest volume of sermons by Dr. Truett is by far the best, not only as a revelation of deeper experience and riper powers, but because it preserves the whole of each service and thus reproduces, as far as can be done in print, the atmosphere of his personality. The comments on the lessons, the prayers, the exhortations, the glowing appeals, all are reported in full, erasing only such errors as are inevitably due to rapid speaking and reporting. It is entitled "A Quest for Souls"—a title selected by another, but exactly descriptive of the life-passion of the preacher—and as an example of evangelistic preaching at its highest it has no volume to surpass it. As in his former volume, "We Would See Jesus," his homiletic method is utterly simple and straightforward, with no clever devices, no suggestion of sensation, nothing to deflect attention from the message. It is as free from the artificial and the meretricious as the preacher himself is free from the blandishments of flattery, wealth, or fame. It is rich in illustration, drawn from life, from history, from biography, from his own wide observation, and especially from his varied experience as a confidant of storm-vexed human souls; but the illustration never once gets in the way of the truth. Of the prayers one hesitates to speak—they are so tender, so direct, so aglow with insight and sympathy, so intimate without being familiar, so haunting in pathos yet so victorious in faith; as of one who knows how to climb right up onto the knees of God and talk with the simplicity of a little child. The total impression of the volume does not leave one thinking of the preacher at all—he is quite forgotten—but of the Master whose he is and whom he reveals; and it is hard to know how any human being resisted such a series of appeals.

EXALTED EVANGELISM

Truly he is a winsome preacher of the winsomeness of Christ; one could not imagine the gospel message being stained on his lips by acerbity or odium. Always positive, always persuasive, Dr. Truett has none of the grim, harsh dogmatism of Torrey, none of the incredible vituperation which has disfigured so much popular revivalism. He is an evangelist of the Loving-Heart, not of threats and thunders, and even in his most earnest moods his gentleness is palpable, his good will unfailing. His thought and language are of the simplest. He knows how to be picturesque and full of color, and he need only be himself to be richly human, but he never speaks except for a verdict. Instead of coming religiously to every point he comes at once to the point of religion, as when he began a sermon with the question: "Does not that boy over there wish to be a Christian, and that older one, turning into manhood, and that young man himself there, and that young woman—do you not wish to be Christians?" It is his explicit and purposeful "preaching for conversions" that makes it worth while, and very much worth while, studying him. An adherent of the older conception of Christianity, he is by that much ahead of the times, and the glib young liberals, who imagine they are

progressive, are far behind. For, unless we are winners of human souls, we are not messengers of him who came to seek and to save that which is lost.

A famous master of Trinity College said of Maurice, after hearing him preach a university sermon: "There is about that man a kind of divine feeling or possession." More and more this divine feeling, this supernatural grace, seems to me to be the great distinction and charm of Dr. Truett as a preacher. Other men are greater scholars and profounder thinkers, and there may be others who have something of his artless simplicity of moving eloquence—Gipsy Smith has much of it—but in his character as a Christ-anointed evangelist I doubt if Dr. Truett is surpassed by any man in our generation. Edmund Burke said of Charles Fox: "That man was made to be loved"; but his remark is of far nobler application to George Truett. He was made to be loved. Indeed, it may be truly said that he does his best work through the exalted and wonderful love which he unconsciously and inevitably draws toward himself. People do not try, do not care to analyze or define his power; they simply love him as one altogether worthy of their homage and affection. Here is a burden of confidence and devotion to make a man tremble; and it must be added that no man ever used an opportunity with higher seriousness or nobler power. Back into the hearts of the people he pours through their love a tide of holy manhood, seeking to lift them by their love into the redeeming fellowship of the great Lover. One thanks God for every remembrance of such a man, whose ministry is a benediction to the world and a theme of thanksgiving in the whole church of God.

Companionship *

By Frederick Hall

THERE on your Dead Man's Hill, outside the city,
You did your bit for God and native land,
While some looked on in scorn, a few in pity,
And most, like me, just didn't understand.

We went not lonely but with flags aфlying,
And cheering crowds, like a big football game;
Then afterwards came mud, and pain, and dying,
And some of us came home—not just the same.

I—? oh, a fellow can come back at twenty,
The gas and all the rest—they weren't so bad,
I'm no sob sister, I'll have fun aplenty—
But 'twas the only right arm that I had.

And sometimes at a dance, or when they're playing
A good stiff game of ball, I think of you
And of my empty sleeve—it isn't praying—
But—I gave something for a great cause too.

*An overseas welfare worker relates that a doughboy said to him, "Before I came to France, I never saw anything in the cross; but now—why, I think Jesus was a lucky man to have the chance to die for a great cause."

Earth's Blood

By Meade Dutt

AUGUST—what does it mean to you? baked prairies? oppressive heat? brown and parched pastures? Perhaps. But did you ever tramp through the interminable stretches of a virgin forest in mid-summer? So I thought—few have. It is a sensation—the forest is good for many sensations. High, brown trunks, as smooth and as straight as an Indian's arrow, one hundred feet without a limb or a knot; dried leaves, broken brancies, tufts of ferns, forest weeds.

John Woodman knew the forest,—he had seen it writhe in the tempest's fury, he had heard it moan in the melancholy days of autumn, he had looked upon it when it was still and white in winter, he had seen that miracle of October. But what are these when the throat is parched and the body cries for water? It was for this refreshment that John Woodman had driven himself forward coming at length to this spring flowing from beneath a large rock. The action of the water had gouged out an irregular pool a few yards in diameter. It was lined with tender cress, and about its edges grew the bullrush, the arrow head and the cowslip. Golden sand gleamed in its placid depth—sand that had been washed for centuries by the stream of liquid crystal that had flowed so constantly since that day nature shuddered and rearranged herself and somewhere a cavern was left, water poured into it and a channel was opened. Then, lo, one bright morning a sunbeam slid down through the clouds and smote this spot where for the first time a clear, cold stream—earth's blood—was flowing—flowing for man who was yet to be.

The golden floor of the pool was strewn with the small shells of the water snail, bleached and whitened; broken bits of bark from the pines hard by, twigs dropped from the surrounding trees, all lay in whimsical mosaics about the bottom. Wispy minnows darted in and out the rushes, or poised motionless in the splotches of sunlight; water spiders jumped and skated aimlessly about. Two or three dragon flies with iridescent wings flitted back and forth through the sun and shade, and then settled motionless on the tip of a broken branch which in falling had stuck in the side of the pool. Long rays of sunlight thrust themselves through the branches above, some like opalescent blades from the fabled Orient, others like rods of fire-wrought gold, glinted on the gauzy wings of the dragon flies, or pierced the mirrored surface of the water, outlining grotesque and ever changing figures of sun and shadow on the sandy floor of the pool.

All about this spring nature had laid her cushions of tightly curled moss—not one, but many. About it she swung her incense pots—not those crude, clumsy things which men make and heat with fire, but the buds of the wild rose which, bursting, poured their treasures on the pure, sun-filtered air. John Woodman heard the soft, silvery prattle of the little stream that flowed from the pool, he heard the clear trumpet note of a wild bird; the incense intoxicated him,—and he fell prone on the mossy pavement and worshipped.

Again, as he looked at the crystalline purity of that

pool he thought of other pools—pools filled with murky water made turgid by wriggling, working crawfish, pools stagnant with fever, disease, and death; but this pool challenged him to search its inmost heart. The gravel in its depths was both fine and coarse, yet clean; the shells, whether flat or twisted, had long since been purged of all impurity. The texture of rare lilies and fragrant buttercups had been drawn from the pool by the mysterious alchemy of summer. John Woodman prayed for a heart as pure as the pool before him. Through the shadowed silences of the forest came, on a winged messenger, to his heart the words of a wise man who prayed: "Create within me a clean heart, O God."

John Woodman looked at the sun-splotched surface of the pool, and then he dreamed, day dreamed. He lost sight of the yellow sand, the shells, the water soaked twigs and bits of bark. He heard no brazen blare of trumpet, no grinding of armies, no battle shock—he heard nothing. Yet through the clearness of that pool he became strangely conscious of a multitude of men and women; they were brilliantly clad. The magic of a great presence had drawn them from the market place, from their workshops, their ovens, their fields, their merchandising—when He passed by they forgot gold and silver, bales of goods, plow and hoe, they even forgot themselves, and followed him to the rounded summit of a mountain. They were listening to the clear musical voice of the Master who was saying—and there in the far depths of the forest John Woodman heard him say: "The pure in heart shall see God—blessed are they."

* * *

Just above his head a mocking bird piped its clear note and awakened him, and he saw that the pool really had bottom, that the sand and the shells were still there. He saw the clear water flowing from beneath the rock, pouring its pure libation in nature's behalf. He thought of its constancy. Far in the heart of the shadowy forest it was jealous for nothing else, it desired to be nothing more than a spring in the forest. Great trees had fallen and the moss was covering their decaying trunks; hills were worn down by the action of rain and snow; the heat of summer and the cold of winter had come and gone from time immemorial, but the spring was faithful. The test of a spring, thought he, is August when the burning heat of summer is at full tide, when the sun's sharp, hot rays probe the earth for the last drop of moisture and the soil can no longer resist the ruthless robber; then the roots are searching every particle of the earth's mound for one last little drink. This spring had freely received, its supply was never failing, so it freely gave. In the moist earth near the pool John Woodman saw outlined the print of the trim hoof of a forest deer; she and her fawn had come to drink. They had not been disappointed—that was certainly plain. Then that man lay by the pool and thought of another to which he had come but an hour before expecting to find water, but instead he read the tale of

tragedy. The mud had been cut and carved by the feet of frantic, thirsty beasts, all had been there: beasts with wide and with narrow hoofs, beasts with furry feet, beasts with long claws and short—the tragic story was written in the hieroglyphics their frenzied feet had left in the clay—now baked and hard. The spring had failed—what mockery! Better it had never flowed a single drop.

John Woodman turned all this over in his mind, and then he thought of a sentence in his Bible: "God grant mercy to the house of Onesiphorus, for he hath oft refreshed me." John Woodman's eyes looked at the forest about him. Its rough, tan barked trunks faded into columns of white: Corinthian, Doric, fluted, plain. He saw splendid temples, and winding in and out the temple courts and sacred enclosures, the stately processions of paganism; he heard shouts, gongs, shrieks, cries, moans—the incantations of a pagan religious ceremonial. He saw garlanded beasts with gilded horns, skipping devotees, dancing attendants, pompous priests, smoking incense pots. With all he beheld a mass of seething, writhing humanity, and in the midst of it one man, clothed and in his right mind—Paul the Christian empire builder. Paganism was all about him, weakening him with ten thousand invisible forces and influences. John Woodman saw the multitudinous homes of that pagan city—porticoed, pillared, humble, splendid, large, small—but there was one that was strangely like the perennial spring in the wilderness: the home of Onesiphorus. To this home the great Christian leader had gone again and again and was as many times refreshed. "He hath oft refreshed me."

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John Woodman reclined on the soft, mossy cushion and looked steadfastly at the spring and its pool. Abundant life was all about it. How green and vigorous the vegetation that grew near it! How dense and beautiful the foliage of the trees whose tiny rootlets drank from it! Unconsciously his eye wandered up to the branches of those high, over-arching trees—there were no seared leaves, none were even withered. About the spring he saw the long fronds of the sword fern, sweeping, graceful, perfect. Flowers, such as commonly grew in the early summer in the northern forest, had prolonged their stay into the summer heat, nor were they worse for their tarrying. Flaming red petals against dark, glossy green, blue-bells, violets, gold of buttercups, pink of wild rose. He saw the bees with pollen-dusted thighs, butterflies, dragonflies, and too, an humming bird flitted from blossom to blossom; he was conscious of buds and berries of many colors on nearby branches. Elms with wide spreading limbs, birches with smooth white trunks, pines heavy life-giving power of that spring. No longer was it to him an impersonal, inanimate thing obeying a law it could not avoid, it had taken on a sweet and kindly—even lovely—personality of a fostering mother who loved every minnow in her magic pool, every flaming petal and ripening berry, every bug and bee, every bush and rush, and for them she lived. She fed them from her own breast, fed and protected them with a constancy which can come only from a

pure heart that loves passionately and divinely. John Woodman's soul was filled with the peaceful content that lingered about this spring. He knew full well the hot breath of the plains, it could not enter here. It might ride above the tree-tops on the couriers of the air, but it could not woo these children of the spring with wily words of lying promises, nor could it drive them from her with stinging lash or take them with captive chains. They were secure in her love.

* * *

After a long time John Woodman came slowly to his feet, looking thoughtfully at the silvery surface of the pool and the spring flowing with never failing abundance. Then he repeated unconsciously and aloud: "My God shall supply your every need."

The Wise One

By Arthur B. Rhinow

THE Wise One sat in the shade of the palm. Old men said their fathers had told them that the tree was older than the Wise One.

"Did you see him?" he asked, in a voice that echoed centuries.

"Yes, we did," the men answered. They were tired. Their feet and sandals were dusty.

"And did you feel the power?"

They smiled; and one of them, a young man, laughed.

"We did just as Martha told us she did," the spokesman reported. "Each one of us took his turn. We waited until the prophet was surrounded by a crowd, we came up from behind, we touched the hem of his garment. Just as she told us. But we felt nothing like the power of which she speaks. Benoni, the fool, thought he felt something, but he is a fool. And he did not do as we told him to do. He listened to the prophet's words and forgot himself."

The Wise One was silent.

"We were scientific," the spokesman continued. "We tabulated our impressions. And we have come to the conclusion that Martha did not tell the truth. If she felt the power, why did not we? We did just as she told us she had done."

"But how was she cured?"

The spokesman shrugged his shoulders, and his eye brows hinted at dark powers.

"Did you indeed do as she did?" the Wise One asked again, after a pause.

"Exactly as she told us. We waited until the people thronged about him, then we came up from behind, and we touched the hem of his garment."

The voice of the Wise One became deeper, unearthly.

"And had you felt the need of him?" he asked.

"No," the spokesman wavered. "We were making a scientific investigation." He coughed.

The Wise One dropped his eyes and sat very still. And in the long silence that followed, one after the other of the men stole away.

Property for Service or for Power

THE essential question in the modern discussion of industry and business is ethical in character. What is right, is the real issue, and right, in the last analysis, is simply a question of what is fair between men as human beings. The great appeal of socialism to many does not inhere in its materialistic and sordid philosophy, but in its offer of readjustment in the present inequitable division of property and profits. It appeals to the ethical sense. Whatever of good there is in our present system is blurred by its obvious failure to distribute benefits according to merit or earning power. Property rights legally supersede earning rights; possession is nine points at law as against one for the earnings of the human being. "It takes money to earn money" is true as a slogan for saving, but it is a sentence of death upon those who do not possess money. Our system results, even in a land of such opportunity as ours, in one-tenth of the population owning and enjoying more wealth than the other nine-tenths, while the ratio in an old land of money-making like England is even more on the side of possessions.

It has been said that "the only way to beat socialism is to beat it to it." It is a striking fact in history that one extreme not only begets another but it begets an extreme of like nature. A regime careless of life in France begot a revolution careless of life. A dictatorship of the aristocracy in Russia begot a dictatorship of the proletariat. A materialistic capitalism begets a materialistic philosophy of socialism, and an industrial system under capitalistic enterprise that tends to bureaucratic management (in the hands of a few) prepares the way for a bureaucratic socialism. J. Pierpont Morgan is quoted as having said, "After us socialism," and dogmatic Marxians argue that the present progressive centralization of wealth and its administration through interlocking directorates, syndicates and "gentlemen's agreements" is as inevitable a preparation for the coming of state socialism as is spring for summer.

* * *

The Power of Possession

There is tyranny in possession as mere power. It is not to the fact of possession that the denial of human rights is to be charged, but to a certain super-power inherent in our system of possession which administers property without reference to human rights. There are landlords in England who are the workless scions of a long line of workless ancestors; personally they contribute nothing to society—they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not so arrayed as are they. Some years ago the writer found old women hoeing in the gardens of one of the richest and most worthless of them for a shilling a day, and he talked many times with an old hostler employed by one of these idle rich who never made more than thirty shillings per week and in his old age was dependent upon the old-age pension granted by the government to the indigent. An Astor dwells in England on the unearned increments of an ancestor's good fortune in having been a farmer where New York City happened to grow up. Wage-earning tenants contribute to him an altogether disproportionate share of their family incomes in rentals that go to support in luxury a peerage purchased with them. Every stroke of the piston in British industry, in these reconstruction days, pays tribute to idle heirs whose fathers were in some manner made the possessors of unseen coal beds. This is to pay tribute to the super-power of the mere legal right of possession without any reference to service rendered or ethical methods of administration.

Then, as if the power of workless possession were not enough, the irony of this thing in a democratic society lies in the fact that these gilded parasites upon society should be the most envied and privileged members of the society off of which they live. Let perspiring, working humanity cease its labor,

and their possessions are so much empty vanity. Their possession is worthless without labor, yet labor has no earning power without the use of their possession. So it follows that labor is not only dependent upon them but that they have a quasi title in labor. These idle privileged groups do not own labor, but they do own the prop to its house, and as Shakespeare said, "He who owns the prop to my house, owns my house."

* * *

The Good in Possession

Sir Arthur Young, a British landlord of two and one-half centuries ago, traveled far and wide over Europe, studying the various systems of land tenure and administration. He summed up the case against the fixed tenant systems by saying, "Ownership turns sands into gold." The fact of possession not only gives earning power but it provides incentive to live and to do and to be useful. An American teacher in China told the writer only yesterday that some of the worst features of the ancient guild system in that country were the inhibitions put upon initiative, the necessity of caring for hangers-on, and the dead levels maintained by the system. On the one hand is a paralyzing denial of the privilege of ownership in a capitalized super-power of possession which arbitrarily holds property without reference to service rendered, and on the other hand there exists a similar debility, because of the communal arrangement which inhibits the individual incentive that comes through personal possession.

But the inevitable reaction from an uncompromising power of personal possession will be the radical reaction to a communal possession on the theory that the cure for a monopoly by few is possession by all alike. The dogmatic Marxians are right in arguing that a denial of possession to the many by the few is the shortest route to the possession of all by all. In other words, the unreasoning, blind fury of the possessors who stand upon the privileges of legal possession without reference to social consequences and cry for the dungeon for all socialists, are doing more to make socialism inevitable than are the men they would imprison; the blind push of a sense of inequity and injustice in a society in which the masses are becoming more and more educated, is many times more powerful than are any words of persuasion. The New York capitalist who said the big fundamental mistake is the education of the masses was right from the standpoint of a hyper-capitalism. We are educating our masters.

* * *

Possession for Power vs. Possession for Service

The ethical demand for a more equitable distribution of our common possessions is not a demand for an arbitrary division of property or for its communal administration; it is simply a demand for a more equitable distribution of the profits of our complex machinery of production; it is a protest against property's taking for itself the whole increment of profits, and against the claim of "brains" to all the margin above a living for "muscle." Capitalism claims to rest upon individual initiative and to give expression to the creative impulse, but it has come to pass, through the unconditioned legal power of possession without reference to use, that four-fifths of active, earning humanity are denied those very opportunities in any considerable degree. As the great machine of productive enterprise grows more powerful, an increasing proportion of its marginal earnings goes to increase the disproportionate possessions of the few and thus to capitalize possession more and individual enterprise less. Capitalism thus results in a denial of incentive, the very thing which it has been charged socialism would deny.

Ethics thus lays upon us the obligation of democratizing

industry and business and all our productive and distributing agencies. For this there is required a new sense of the stewardship of possessions. Above all, the great possessors must acknowledge this principle of stewardship. Possession for power must give way to possession for use and service. The measure of one's legal ownership must become the measure of one's social obligation, and the unlimited right of possession must give way to an ethical right to own only in the measure that possession is made of use to all. All legal devices that turn progressively and in a graduated manner unearned increments, excess profits, large incomes and inheritances into tax funds are a means of

lowering the dangerous blood pressure of our present economic organism. This, with a constitutional building up of our social life through an increasing democratization of industry, through cooperative enterprises that still leave with individuals that sort of ownership which turns sand into gold, and through a social conscience that forbids all exploitation, monopoly or arbitrary privilege and which demands that all who eat must work, offers a progress through evolution; otherwise we will face revolution in due time, with the consequent use of violence which always injures, if indeed it does not destroy.

ALVA W. TAYLOR.

British Table Talk

London, July 9, 1921.

IS there to be peace with Ireland? The papers are full of hope this morning as I write, but no one who knows the tragedy of Ireland dare hope without trembling. Smuts has been here working as a peace maker. Everybody here longs for peace, but in the history of Ireland too often has the cup been dashed from the lips about to drink. Still, a land so beloved may come some day to the end of its sorrows, and some day the people of this country may begin to understand Ireland and to repent of their own share in the tragedy. For those who wish to know Ireland as it is, may I commend a beautiful book by E. G. Summerville and Martin Ross, the two ladies who were the authors of "Some Experiences of an Irish R. M." It is a story of love and renunciation and death, and around this central theme with rare skill the authors have grouped sketches of Irish character in its varied phases, and particularly have they shown the different bearings of the groups of Irishmen towards the future of their land. They agree in little but their love of Ireland. One passage I must give from this book.

"Oh! Peace, peace!" cried the priest. "We cry peace where there is no peace! When was there peace in Ireland! The lamp of revolt was never quenched in her! Sometimes it has been only a daggerpoint of flame; sometimes a red bonfire is kindled out of it! Look at what is happening this day and getting worse every day in place of better! Oh God! Will the time ever come when these flames will die in the broad daylight of peace and Ireland be left to fulfill her destiny? . . ."

"Dan who believed in salvation through the plough and was hated by the rebels as a loyalist and by the loyalists as a rebel, said bitterly,

"To be The Seething Pot from one generation to another! That's her destiny, I suppose!"

"To be the Sanctuary of Religion," said Father Hugh, with a light in his other-worldly eyes, "to be the one country in the world that cherishes our holy church!" His voice had deepened and his brogue had broadened. The peasant boy that he had been was in his voice, but in his face was vision and assurance of a peace that is not of this world."

The authors of this tender and beautiful book make every voice heard that comes from Irish hearts. They do not speak their own mind, but no book I have ever read makes the tragedy of Ireland come home so directly to the reader.

* * *

The Great Fight and Other Things.

Last Sunday afternoon I had the pleasure of visiting one of the great Methodist central missions. It was a comforting fact to discover a great crowd of men at 3 o'clock on a broiling Sunday ready to hear of the things that matter. If one were to judge of the public mind by the proportions kept in the

newspapers, one would have imagined that no one was thinking of anything but the Dempsey-Carpentier fight. The atmosphere of that Saturday when the fight took place was alarming, it was admitted. Everyone here seemed to be waiting for news of the fight, yet in all probability we had been a little hypnotized by the papers and we were ashamed of ourselves afterwards. Newspapers have a power of suggestion which might well be used for good, as it often has been for doubtful or secondary things. It was, however, reassuring to find that there was room in the minds of a thousand men that Sunday afternoon for other concerns than "sport." The plain truth is that it is those of us who care for sport most who regret this hysterical and ill-balanced mood of the hour.

* * *

Is the Nonconformist Conscience Asleep?

Much attention has been given to Dr. Garvie's discussion of the Christian conscience, and especially of the nonconformist conscience. "This," he declares, "has been found disappointing in recent times. Occasions have arisen," he says, "in recent years when a clear and firm indication of the path of duty for the nation might have been expected and has not been given, at least in such a way as to arrest attention and exert influence." Some of the reasons for this Dr. Garvie analyses with remarkable candor and fairness. He shows how the former political unity of the free churches was broken up in the '80s and how the formal cause of this division was but a sign of a deeper cleavage. At the present moment he adds: "Discord and division threaten many of the churches, if any decisive action is taken on political issues; and counsels of prudence sometimes prevail over the promptings of conscience. It is argued that there can seldom be a political issue in which the moral principle involved is so distinct and certain as to warrant the breaking up of the harmony necessary for a church, if it is to do its work effectively. Allowing some force to this consideration, I myself am convinced that it would be good for themselves as well as the world if the churches learned to live more dangerously, to take greater risks, and if need be pay a higher price for fidelity to Christian conscience."

* * *

A General Staff For the Church

We want better staff work in the Christian church. There should be trusted men set apart by the churches to think out the real bearing of Christian principles upon the practical questions of the hour. Such a staff must be competent and it must have weight in the churches. The weakness of the moment lies in the powerlessness of the wise leaders to communicate their wisdom. There is enough guidance on many matters already to be found by those who seek for it. But

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the staff which we need is not the one which will answer when it is questioned. It is one which will declare with authority even when it is not asked the mind of the Christian church. The hard working pastor has neither the time nor the training to preach politically. Very often he makes a fool of himself by his plain lack of data and by his exaggerated rhetoric. There were no fools greater in war time than the rhetorical preachers, who made their pulpits into outposts for government departments. They had their reward then, but they have little now. Over-emphasis in style and haziness in material are our besetting sins, and it is small wonder that we are warned to keep out of politics. At the same time the Christian church should have its experts who know the facts better than statesmen can know them, and who know the mind of Christ and can relate the two.

* * *

In General

The new president of the Wesleyan Methodist church, the Rev. J. A. Sharp, has richly deserved the honor given to him. The papers note that he won his way from the carpenter's bench, and that he has admirably served the publications department of the church. He is reputed to be one of those who make changes quietly and present a revolution as an accomplished fact, when no one knows that a revolution has happened.... My friend, the Rev. Herbert Arnold, who has just passed away, spent the last years of his ministerial life, after he had retired from a settled pastorate, in a very valuable service to the churches. If a minister were ordered away on sick leave for half a year or if a church desired a period of quiet after some troubles, or if it were not ready to call a minister, Mr. Arnold would go to the rescue, and by his tact and real graciousness of spirit, as well as by his powers as a preacher, he brought many churches around difficult corners. It is a form of ministry to which senior men might well give themselves. . . . The season of fellowship conferences and camps is beginning. Once the summer was a time of rest for busy workers in the churches, and there is rest still to be had, but it is taken in other ways. Sometimes those who knew the former order of things wonder if complete detachment in a holiday is not better than a conference at Swanwick. It is a significant fact that Spurgeon used to count the days before his holiday as schoolboys do the days before the end of them.

* * *

Woolman or Wesley or Both?

The Free Church Fellowship in August has for the theme of its conference, "Revival in the Life of the Church." True to its method of careful inquiry and joint thinking, it is trying to discover what can be learned from the past for our immediate guidance. Is there any former revival which only needs to be repeated and then our poverty would be turned to wealth and our silence to song? And if any type of revival is nearer to our condition which is it? One interesting question has been raised—do we need a Wesley or a Woolman the more? Or do we need a blend of both schools of thought and devotion? Or will any revival that comes be fresh and startling and unclassified? It is a useful study and may lead to some fruitful service.

* * *

Into the Enemy's Quarters

We find spokesmen of the church often so apologetic that it is cheering to find one who has every right to speak arising in his might to stay the old-fashioned champions of rationalism: Writes the Rev. C. E. Raven: "We suppose that in the history of human thought no change has been more rapid and no collapse more complete than that which has befallen rationalism. It is probably true to say that twenty years ago

the bulk of the scholars in our universities were agnostics and very many were materialists. The thinkers and teachers were beginning to escape into a larger world, but the students were still toiling with "honest doubt." Down till about 1909 there was still life among the unbelievers, though materialism was plainly on its deathbed. Suddenly it died, and long before the war a great revival of spiritual and theistic belief had begun, with a corresponding increase of vitality in the churches.

* * *

That July

July is with us, with the scent of the limes and the harvests ripening—the July never comes without memories of THAT JULY in 1914. There are few of us but have memories of that time and of the friends who were still with us. We were camped, some of us, with jolly London boys by the Solent, and the great naval inspection was forward. Of those who helped us, three were public school or university men. They are all on the other side, and many of the boys to whom they were giving their friendship. These are the thoughts which come with this month when life is at its full tide in the world of nature. It is of death we think and yet not of death as a limit.

"Some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes
And into glory peep."

EDWARD SHILLITO.

CORRESPONDENCE

Legion Cannot Be Bought

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: There is no paper which comes to my desk that I read with such thoughtful eagerness as your esteemed weekly. Whether I agree with what you write or not, it at least makes me think. But two sentences in your last issue (July 21) move me almost to profane thought.

I have noticed before that your opinion of the ex-soldier or American Legion members was rather low, and I have wondered at it. In the first editorial of the above-mentioned issue that unjustified spirit crops out again. Commenting on the opposition on the part of the President to the proposed bonus for ablebodied soldiers you wrote, "Here was an opportunity to have purchased the political allegiance of the coming generation of young men." One is tempted to apply the short and ugly word made current by President Roosevelt to that statement and to pay for you the admission fee into his once thriving Ananias Club.

If you think that the patriotism of the men who a few years ago volunteered willingly to fight for what they conceived to be a great principle (I speak as one who enlisted and was not drafted) is at so low an ebb that it can be purchased for a few hundred dollars, you are wrong. When two years ago, with the government's finances in better condition than at present, the Legion posts in Connecticut began voting whether to support the movement for this bonus bill, about a third of the posts voted to oppose it. Also there are many thousands of ex-soldiers not members of the American Legion or any other organization, and these are the ones who are perhaps even less interested in getting something for themselves, many of whom oppose the bonus because with President Harding they know our country cannot afford to pay it. Your statement is slander on the good name of thousands of ex-soldiers.

Now don't misunderstand me. I oppose the bonus at present, not because I do not think it just in principle, but simply because the folks who stayed at home so effectively looted the government's treasury that we who gave our time and risked our lives for \$33 per month must again sacrifice ourselves for the country's welfare. The one thing which makes an ex-soldier want the bonus more than anything else is when

his friends who stayed at home begin telling how much they made at wartime wages. Remember, there were preachers who drew salaries from their churches, worked at big wages in munitions factories during the week, and cashed in on large dividends of patriotism, while I and others were saving our thirty bucks a month so that if our leave period ever came we might have money enough to avail ourselves of it. And then, when my comrades came home they found their old jobs waiting for them (sometimes), while the fellow who stayed at home had been promoted past them and was now their boss.

The bonus is just, but simply not expedient at present. For that reason I and many other returned soldiers oppose it, and we resent your insinuation that our political allegiance could be bought with the few hundred dollars we would get.

Granby, Conn.

ANDREW W. SOLANDT.

Quack Preachers

EDITOR THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY:

SIR: The Christian Century continues to grow better with each succeeding number. It has now been nearly two years since I became a subscriber, and the magazine has taken a permanent place on my annual list. The current number (July 21) is especially thought provoking. Your castigation of those companies which continually pester our lives with their insulting circulars advertising "sermons for all occasions" is well administered and, too, rightly deserved.

I have been wondering if there is any significance in the proximity of that editorial and the other on "Main Street in London." Perhaps Mr. Sinclair Lewis included the church in his recent satirical adventure because of such institutions as the "sermon factories." If so he ought to receive from the religious press and from sincere ministers praise rather than blame.

Certainly nothing is more humiliating than to be compelled to acknowledge that there are men with consciences so "blunt" as to preach a sermon on the peril of stealing, the sermon itself being the best illustration of the subject. The medical profession, perhaps every profession is troubled with its "quacks," but an intelligent public is quickly able to distinguish between the faker and the genuine; but the ministerial faker is for a time at least proof against discovery, and through the Christian courtesy of his fellows, always secure from exposure.

It is such miserable makeshift work—if I may dignify it with that honorable word—that lends a sense of justice to criticism such as that of Mr. John Spargo and others. The sooner the ministry is purged of such insincerity (in many cases unconscious insincerity) and all that it implies, the sooner will the ministry of the church be augmented by young and vigorous lives ready to pour their energies into Christ's service.

Worthington, Pa.

THEODORE DARNELL.

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THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

Swift Changes in Fortune*

RARELY do we find such vivid and sudden contrasts as in the few verses recorded here: Barnabas and Paul are taken for gods by the crowd, Barnabas is called Jupiter and Paul Mercury; oxen and garlands after the manner of the old Grecian ceremonials are brought to do them honor. Eight verses farther on the multitude drags them out of town and Paul is stoned and left for dead. Here is indeed honor and dishonor, a god and a dead dog!

But Paul was so completely devoted to his cause that nothing phased him. In whatever state he found himself, he learned to be content,—surrounded by admiring friends or beaten in the prison, walking the gardens of Ephesus or escaping from a sinking ship, preaching to vast audiences who admired him so much that they would gladly have plucked out their eyes and given them to him or suffering lonely confinement in the prison at Cæsarea. To live was Christ, to die was gain. Living or dying, he belonged body and soul to his Master. He thought of himself as a bondslave, his only joy was to advance his Master's interests.

One of the most difficult things that we have to face is this very variation of fortune. From health the family is suddenly precipitated into painful sickness, in an hour all the sunshine seems to die out, all the bird song seems a mockery, and the laughter seems hideously out of place. It was easy to serve God when the family was well, have we the faith and grip on God to go ahead now? Can we permit the sorrow and the heartache, which never leave us, to mellow us into rare sympathy, until we find ourselves more useful, being surprised to find how many people were traveling under the same load? Here comes financial disaster. In a day all our savings are imperiled, then lost. We had become used to certain luxuries. The proud house, the big car, the club, the vacation, the exclusive shops, the servants, the entertainment of a certain set of friends. It seemed easy to worship God when we lived in the midst of these happy circumstances. Then came the crash. Money was scarce, we moved to a little house on a side street, we dismissed the servants, we sold the car, we did not renew our memberships in the clubs, we shopped at the department stores, we worked all year, the elaborate dinners were no more and many of our supposed friends cut us dead. Did faith in God perish then? Were we serving God for gain? Or again, we had always enjoyed almost perfect health. Night and day we worked without thinking of the energy spent. We could eat anything, run up ten flights of stairs, toil until one in the morning, and laugh at the cautious people gave us about working too hard. We gloried in our recklessness. Others might fall at the right hand and the left but we would go right on. Then one day something happened. The doctor had discovered high blood pressure. He prescribed a limited diet. He demanded ten hours a day in bed. He advised a trip of weeks' duration. He said, "Now, if you are careful you may reasonably expect to live until you are seventy, but if there is any more nonsense you will probably pass out at fifty." In that hour the world changed color, death stared you in the face for the first time. All day long you kept murmuring, "What's the use; what's the use?" If you would drop out suddenly another world would profit by all your Herculean toil. How about your faith—did it waver in that moment? The wheel of fortune spins swiftly; today you win, tomorrow you lose. Can you keep your faith steady? Today you are prosperous—can you keep your head and not become overbearing, proud and insolent? Tomorrow everything goes wrong, the stocks shrink, the dividends fail, the assessments

*Lesson for August 14, "Paul in Iconium and Lystra." Scripture, Acts 14:8-20.

come, prices fade away, property deteriorates, heavy losses rush in upon you. Can you still smile and trust and help the other fellow? Paul could say, "I know how to abound and how to be abased," but his faith was so true, his confidence so strong, his trust in Christ so absolute that nothing changed him. Living or dying, abounding or suffering, admired or hated, succeeding or failing, with scores of converts or with none he knew whom he trusted and that his trust would be guarded. That is a real faith worthy our imitation.

JOHN R. EWERS.

BOOKS

THE ONLY POSSIBLE PEACE, by Frederick C. Howe. Mr. Howe always writes with knowledge of the facts and a keen critical acumen. Finding economic factors most potent in bringing war on to the world, he analyzes those in which the threat is most potential and points out the way to prevent their convergence toward another conflict. The highway is along the line of Woodrow Wilson's ideals as expressed in his various war and peace papers. He would have strategic places behind which strong nations hold their war powers internationalized. If Suez, the Dardanelles and the Bagdad Railway were internationalized, disarmament would be made possible and there would come an end of that fear that keeps suspicion breeding war. All disputatious problems that hinge on an overdone nationalistic or imperial policy would be put in charge of an international tribunal and weak peoples coached into responsible government instead of exploited for gain. (Macmillan.)

SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN AN AMERICAN CITY, by Shelby M. Harrison. It is seven years since the Springfield Survey was made, and the city has taken on a new social aspect since that time. But

the findings of the survey, which have been circulated widely in sectional reports, and are now made available, in summary form in the present volume, are of first rate and immediate importance. The Springfield Survey was one of two exhaustive studies which the Sage Foundation has made. The five-volume report on Pittsburgh is still a classic work, and the present volume becomes at once a part of the indispensable equipment of the city worker. Added to the summary itself, which is presented in readable form and extensively illustrated, is an appendix containing direct testimony on the results of the project. The prime object of a survey is to secure cooperative action in the direction of social betterment. That the Springfield Survey was a success as judged by this standard is abundantly shown by the fact to which Mr. Harrison bears testimony, that more than forty distinct items appear in the list of betterment undertakings which followed the survey within about two years. This fact alone warrants the most careful study of the project of which the volume gives an account. (Sage Foundation, \$2.50.)

THE WEEKDAY CHURCH SCHOOL. By H. F. Cope. The book tells in an interesting fashion what has been, is being and can be done to extend religious education into all the days of the week. (Doran, \$2.00).

ONE THOUSAND EVANGELISTIC ILLUSTRATIONS. By Aquilla Webb. This book is more valuable than most books of this sort. It is highly commended in an introductory note by Dr. E. Y. Mullins, of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, Louisville. (Doran, \$5.00).

SOCIAL LEGISLATION IN ILLINOIS, by Seba Eldridge. A carefully prepared survey of the social legislation needed in Illinois. It tells the facts regarding housing, child welfare, the care of dependents and defectives, widowed mothers and the administration of laws already on the statutes. A more centralized and scientific administration is recommended as are laws bringing the care of the needy up to a genuinely human standard. (W. M. Shimmin & Co., Rockford, Ill.)



LISTEN!

The hundreds of thousands of foreign children throughout our American country can't be made Christians and good Americans without your help. How can you help? By making an offering on some Sunday in September, and getting your church to do so, too, for Church Extension that builds and equips buildings for work among Immigrants.

Send Your Offering for Church Erection

to

United Christian Missionary Society
1501 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

STOP

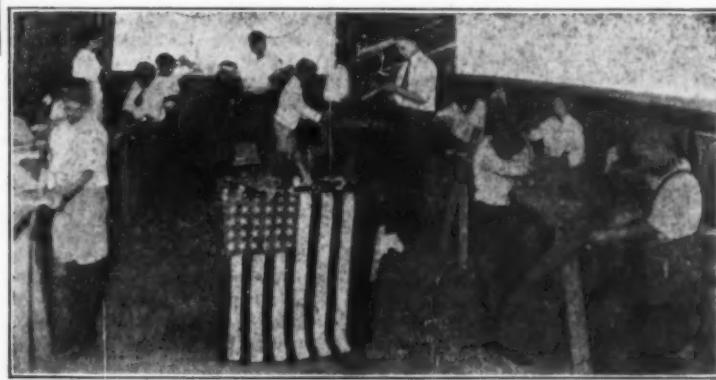
the things of a Christian is a Christian. Now

LOOK

at these two pictures and let them speak their vital message.

These pictures present groups of foreign boys in lower east side, New York. One, without the influence of the church—little gamblers in the gutters! The other, a class in manual training in our Community House, New York—little Christians and citizens in the making.

Into which group would you like to see the boys of the great American cities gathered and trained? You have answered the question already in your heart; but



NEWS OF THE CHRISTIAN WORLD

A Department of Interdenominational Acquaintance

Summer Conference at Union Seminary Closes

One hundred and fifty ministers from all parts of the country attended the summer conference at Union Theological Seminary of New York this summer. Some outstanding scholars lectured, but it was not the lectures that made the deepest impression upon the men. Trips were made to famous churches and settlements of the city. Evenings were spent in conferences on the practical problems of the church. All the ministers present were accommodated in the dormitories, which assured comfortable quarters for all.

Chicago Church Federation Has Aggressive Program

The summer slump will not be allowed to continue into the autumn season if the plans of the Chicago Church Federation are brought to success. On October 9, the fiftieth anniversary of the Chicago fire will be observed, and on the evening of this day community services will be held throughout the city with an emphasis upon good citizenship. On Armistice day in November will be a big demonstration of church strength in a great mass meeting which will be held at the Auditorium. The themes announced for this day will be "God and the Nation" and "Making the Modern City a City of God." A Sunday school parade is being planned for the afternoon of November 11. In addition to these positive announcements there is a tentative plan of securing Gipsy Smith to speak two or three nights in mass meetings to quicken the evangelistic spirit in the various churches. Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston is president of the Chicago Church Federation.

Union Church Solves the Community Problem

Mill Plain, Conn., is a residence district near Waterbury, Conn. During the past year the people erected a small chapel and secured Rev. Lawrence Day, a theological student of Yale Divinity School, to preach for them. In the constituency of this worshipping group there are ten denominations represented. It was clear that no church could be organized on a denominational basis. In consequence a union church was formed on the basis of a declared belief in Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. On the charter membership roll are the names of 259 people, so the new organization starts out with splendid prospects. On the day of the formal organization of the church Judge Arthur F. Ells, president of the Waterbury Federation of Churches, was present and brought the greetings of these churches. Mr. Day was formerly assistant pastor of First Christian church of Lincoln, Neb.

Dr. Newton's Old Church Finds Pastor

The Liberal Christian church of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, was put on the ecclesiastical map by Dr. Joseph Fort Newton. By tradition a Universalist church it has

in later years come to be an independent church of liberal evangelical character. It was from this church that Dr. Newton was called to the City Temple, London, in 1916. It has recently called as pastor Rev. Waldemar W. Argow of New York City. Mr. Argow was formerly pastor of First Baptist church, Lorain, Ohio, and in recent years has served as director of Christian service in the Twenty-third Street Y. M. C. A. of New York City.

Special Trains to Winona Convention

The Disciples International Convention at Winona Lake, Ind., August 28-September 4, is arousing wide interest. The transportation secretary, E. E. Eliot, announces special trains to the convention from St. Louis and from Chicago. The railroads have granted special rates and it is believed that large numbers of automobile tourists will drive to the grounds at Winona Lake as a vacation outing. The approach to the convention this year is noteworthy in that there seem to be no burning issues. Disciples conventions for a number of years have been made lively by the assaults of a small group of conservatives upon the officials of the organization. This year the usual pre-convention campaign against these men has been omitted. It is expected that the convention will develop large plans of advance work for the communion, and a committee is now at work upon new call to Disciple forces. The subscription of the Interchurch underwritings fund opens the way for this. The reports of the United Christian Missionary Society indicate that the receipts for the month of June were the largest in the history of the denomination for any single month. Monies received at the headquarters at St. Louis amounted to \$823,000.

Dr. Wilbur Crafts Visits Chicago

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, who visited Chicago recently, making a number of public addresses, is one of the interesting figures in American Protestantism. He has had a wide denominational experience, being successively a pastor of Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian churches. In later years he became interested in reform work. His effort to stop the Dempsey-Carpentier fight brought him into great prominence this year. His organization seeks to restrain gambling and to promote laws against easy divorce as well as to assist in the enforcement of the Volstead act. Mr. Crafts is an advocate of federal marriage laws which would supersede the separate state enactments upon this subject.

Clearing House of Foreign Language Literature

The Home Missions Council has established a bureau of information with regard to foreign language literature on religion for immigrants. This bureau has taken over the files of the Inter-

church World Movement, which had gathered a considerable quantity of this literature. As a result of this research there is found to be a much better supply of religious literature for immigrants than was at first supposed. It is believed that new sources of supply will be uncovered from time to time which will be significant in home mission work. Some important racial groups have no religious newspaper printed in their language, and these same groups have socialist journals which are quite as much concerned with anti-religious propaganda as with constructive teaching of the socialist dogma. When the research is complete it is likely that steps will be taken to supply glaring deficiencies in the literature.

Campbell Institute Holds Annual Meeting in Chicago

The annual meeting of the Campbell Institute was held at University Church of the Disciples July 27-29. This organization is unique among the denominations of America. It was founded by a group of young men of advanced university training twenty-five years ago and includes in its membership chiefly preachers and teachers. In recent years the strictness of the requirements for membership have been somewhat modified, but the organization still stands as the sponsor for higher university training. The president of this year's meeting was Dr. R. C. Flickinger of Northwestern University and the secretary Dr. E. S. Ames. A monthly publication is carried on called *The Scroll*. The Campbell Institute includes in its membership men of various kinds of theological opinion, though it is reputed among the Disciples to be an organization of theological liberals. The topics this year were of a more practical nature than formerly. A group of speakers addressed themselves to the theme, "What Will the Disciples Contribute to the Christian World in the Next Twenty-five Years?" The organization is undertaking to start a library for the circulation of books by mail and a national lectureship.

Southern Baptists Send Out Missionaries

The Southern Baptist denomination is sending out fifty new missionaries this autumn. Most of these are from Texas, which is the state of greatest strength for this denomination. The missionary leaders have inquired into the religious experience of these new missionaries and have discovered that all but four were converted before the age of fourteen, and that all but two came from Christian homes.

Unitarians Train Sunday School Teachers

The arid intellectualism that has so often characterized Unitarian churches is giving way to a new era of church enterprise. The business men who are organized into the Unitarian Laymen's League are responsible for a number of new activities. Last summer they brought most

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of their ministers to Harvard for a period of summer study. This year the league conducted at Star Island a religious training school for prospective Sunday school teachers. The students came from all over the nation and represent twenty states. Most of these were men. The league statement in the promotion of the school is significant: "A man is proudest of himself when he has served a child; done something to make the day brighter for some boy or girl. The finest service that can be rendered 'unto one of these' is to help them in the creation of their most valued asset—character."

Works for Children of Russia

The Russian Relief and Reconstruction Fund maintains Rev. F. F. Komlosy in Russia for the purpose of aiding the children of that country. Mr. Komlosy is now in America presenting the needs of Russian children. He says of the situation in Russia: Morally Russia is dead. Mentally she has fallen into decay. The condition of the present adult generation is so appalling that parents are scarcely fit to have charge of their own children lest they drag them down into the same pit, and Russia's chance of regeneration is put farther and farther back. The gap in the children's lives is becoming wider every day and consequently harder to bridge over. The result is everywhere apparent, so that it is a matter of urgency to save the coming generation lest Russia go completely to the devil."

Another Big Bible Class Record

The race for the distinction of having the largest Bible class in the world keeps on. Just now the news is going the rounds of a Presbyterian class in Montgomery, Ala., which had on a special Sunday an attendance of thirty-five hundred men. The average weekly attendance at this class is said to be 800. In such classes there is considerable organization, and the boosting organization is distinct from the teaching program.

Takes Strong Action Against the Dance

Though it has been common for evangelical ministers of various types to denounce the dance, few denominations have had an official pronouncement on the subject. The Methodist Episcopal church has had such a pronouncement which has been very unpopular in a certain section of the church. It is interesting to note that the Hicksite Quakers have recently abolished their rule against the dance and that the southern Presbyterian church has adopted the following resolution: "Nor need the Church of Christ have any hesitancy in announcing its position on this subject; for the men of the world agree, with one consent, that it is inconsistent with the nature of the Christian profession for members of the church to engage in the modern dance. The assembly has uniformly discouraged and condemned the modern dance in all its forms as tending to evil, whether practiced in public halls or pri-

vate parlors. And we affectionately urge all our Christian parents not to send their children to dancing schools, where they acquire a fondness and an aptitude for this dangerous amusement."

Junior Church Numbers Two Hundred

The problem of ministering to the younger members of the church with a sermon adapted to the needs of the boys and girls is being met in some communities by the organization of a junior church. The congestion in crowded buildings is met in this way as the junior church often worships in a Sunday school room. First Methodist church of Anniston, Ala., has a junior church with over two hundred members, all under fifteen years of age. The objection urged against the junior church in some communities is that the children do not grow up loyal to the church of their parents in this way. However the junior church is one of the many pieces of experimentation that is going on in evangelical churches these days to meet the demand for a religion that will minister to the whole community.

Cools Off the Congregation With Ice

It is to be admitted that the theaters thought of it first. This hot summer they have been advertising in the big cities auditoriums that were cooled with tons of ice. Meanwhile the church people have been mopping perspiration and facing a summer slump in proportion to the inordinate temperatures of this year. First Methodist church of St. Louis recently experimented with the use of ice at church. Twelve one hundred pound cakes of ice were placed at the front of the auditorium and electric fans played the breezes upon the ice, driving coolness down the pews upon the waiting congregation. Though the thermometer was 90 outside the building, the inside tem-

perature was very comfortable. Some churches with an indirect steam heating equipment where the air is driven over steam coils are thinking of substituting ice pans for steam coils in the summer, which could be done with a minimum of expense.

Official Organs Are Bones of Contention

The effort to establish a weekly newspaper as the official organ of a denomination has been the bone of contention in many ecclesiastical fellowships. The Baptist, published by the Northern Baptist Convention, is still compelled to compete with the Watchman-Examiner, a privately owned paper. The United Presbyterians at their last General Assembly took action to establish a denominational organ under the direct control of the Assembly. The committee in carrying out these instructions is changing the character of the young people's paper, the Christian Union Herald, from a young people's journal to a journal for adults, and the name is being changed to the United Presbyterian Herald. Meanwhile the paper under private ownership called the United Presbyterian goes on and it would seem that the denominationally owned organ would have to compete with this journal. The situation does not contribute to the peace and harmony of the United Presbyterian denomination.

Prayermeeting Goes to the Roof

Texas Disciples preachers are continually original and interesting. Rev. William Dunn Ryan of South End Church of Disciples, Houston, has taken his weekly prayermeeting to the roof garden of the church and has over a hundred people present every week. Many other church meetings are held there, and by this means the summer slump is reduced to a minimum. First church in Ft. Worth

Pilgrimage Play of the Life of Christ

SOMETHING that approaches the Passion Play of Oberammergau in the magnificence of its undertaking is the Pilgrimage Play at Hollywood, Cal. The life of Christ is presented, the mountains and hills of the section helping very greatly in reproducing the atmosphere of Palestine. Twelve episodes from the life of Christ are dramatized, and these are given almost entirely in the language of the new testament. Mrs. Christine Wetherill Stevenson, who has spent much time in Palestine, has given much thought and attention to the costuming. She has come to believe that Jesus always wore a head-dress in conformity with oriental custom, so the Christus this year will wear the oriental covering.

Mr. Henry Herbert is a second year taking the part of the Christus. His simplicity, sincerity, and reverence, with the addition of a beautiful voice, have made his work most acceptable to the audiences. The other parts are taken by men and women who have sought to enter into the spirit of the Bible story.

Mr. Arthur Farwell has charge of the music. Many instruments are used in the production of the musical effects, among these being the great organ, a string quartet, brass quartet, kettledrums and a chorus of twenty selected voices. The celestial voices are presented by the chorus in musical form. These celestial voices waken the shepherd on the hillside and warn Joseph.

The scenes that are presented include the Annunciation to the Virgin Mary, the Wise Men before Herod, the Babe in the Manger, the Adoration of the Shepherds, the Coming of the Wise Men, the Baptism of Christ, the Temptation in the Wilderness, the Transfiguration, the Miracles, the Last Supper, the Agony in the Garden of Gethsemane, the Resurrection and the Ascension.

There is every prospect that the Pilgrimage Play in California will attract thousands of tourists in years to come. It is believed that the effect of the play will be to deepen Christian devotion in all those who witness the sacred scenes.

has recently secured an athletic director who will spend his whole time in the physical education of boys. This church now has a considerable staff of workers. The ministers at Electra preached recently in a theater on the theme "Does one have to believe the whole Bible to be a Christian?" He boldly asserted that it is Bible doctrine to answer this question in the negative. His sermon was a plea to the church not to make the burdens of faith unduly heavy.

Pastor of Gretna Green Church Is Married

The most popular church in the middle west for weddings is the famous little church that inspired the song, "The Little Brown Church in the Vale." Hundreds of couples from all parts of the middle west come here to be married in the course of the year. The minister, T. M. Walton, is a Disciple, though the church is of Congregational tradition. Recently Mr. Walton was married to a popular young lady of the community, Rev. Guy B. Williamson of Fifteenth Avenue Church of Disciples, Rock Island, Ill., performing the ceremony.

Cause of Union in Canada Grows

The vote in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church of Canada on the subject of union with Methodists and Congregationalists was overwhelming this year. Those favoring union numbered 414, while those opposed numbered 107. A committee of thirty-three was appointed to negotiate the union, and of this committee eleven were taken from the ranks of those voting against the union. It seems therefore a foregone conclusion that the union will ultimately be consummated, and that without division in the ranks of the Presbyterian church. If this is achieved it will demonstrate the Canadian Presbyterian leaders as men of marked Christian statesmanship.

Federation Follows Feud

Federation of churches is better than a feud between churches, in the view of the citizens of Rockport, Mass. For forty years a Congregational church and a Universalist church divided honors in a restricted territory and the competition knew no rules in former days. Finally both churches became very weak, as is apt to happen in such a situation. Four years ago the Universalist church was compelled to close, being no longer able to maintain a minister. Since the federation of the two congregations a membership of over a hundred has been mustered and once more the preaching of the gospel goes forward in this once sadly divided village. This story might be duplicated in thousands of villages of the United States save for the happy sequel which may be recorded in the case of the Rockport community.

Dr. Poteat Will Spend a Year in China

Dr. E. M. Poteat has been one of the most inspirational speakers upon the missionary platform in recent years. His

labors in connection with the Interchurch World Movement made him known to a larger constituency than the Baptists. During the past year he has been connected with the New World Movement of the Northern Baptist convention. Dr. Poteat resigned from this service the past spring and with his wife and daughter will sail for China the latter part of this month. He will spend a year there preaching and teaching the New Testament. Dr. Poteat has given two of his sons to the missionary service in China, and he will visit them while in the oriental republic.

Interdenominational Church Ordains Woman

Mrs. Clemme Ellis White was ordained to the gospel ministry by an interdenominational council in New York recently. Baptists and Congregationalists have the custom in connection with ordination of calling in representatives of a group of churches. The unique feature of this ordination was not only the fact that the person ordained was a woman, but that the council was composed of representatives of four denominations. Representatives from the Baptists, the Methodists, the Presbyterians and the Dutch Re-

formed sat in the council. Mrs. White is to serve as superintendent of West Side Mission at 268 W. 47th St. In the examination preceding ordination Mrs. White was questioned with regard to her Christian experience, her theological opinions and her call to the ministry and the questions are said to have been quite searching. Mrs. White is secretary of the International Union of Gospel Missions. In days gone by she was a teacher in the public schools and served in the mission without pay.

Dr. Barton Pronounces "Blue Laws" Story a Malicious Hoax

Nearly everybody in the United States believes that in New England there were once a set of "Blue Laws" which forbade a mother even to kiss her child on the Sabbath day, and which provided severe penalties for walking in the garden on the holy day. Dr. William E. Barton, of Oak Park, Ill., is something of a historian in addition to being the popular pastor of First Congregational Church. He has investigated these stories and declares: "The Connecticut Blue Laws were a malicious invention, created nearly one hundred and fifty years after their supposed enactment.

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We know the name of the malicious liar who foisted this canard upon a credulous world. * * * The man who told these and other falsehoods was a tory named Samuel Peters, who found the colonies uncomfortable during the revolution, and took revenge in a book of atrocious falsehoods, which the people of London in the years following the revolution were not unwilling to believe."

Dr. Grenfell Finishes Tour of United States

Dr. Grenfell is now at work for the thirty-first summer among the people of Labrador. He has just completed a lecture tour of the United States and Canada. The proceeds of these lectures go into the treasury of the Labrador mission. There is a very serious economic situation in Labrador today. An over-supply of fish in the world makes it seem probable that the hardy fishermen of the north will find no market this year for their catch. Dr. Grenfell is seeking a fund of a million and a half as endowment for the work which he has begun. The city of Boston cheerfully took \$111,000 of this fund and raised it promptly. Among the new workers in Labrador this summer are a number of women who go as "Nutrition Experts." These women will seek to introduce better methods in the housekeeping of the Labrador women.

Episcopal Social Workers Meet

The Episcopal church is noted for its interest in the social problems of the age. It is unique in that it has called together its social workers in a great conference at Milwaukee which met just prior to the meeting of the great secular organization of social workers. Mr. John M. Glenn made a strong plea for cooperation with other Christian bodies in carrying on the social ministry of the gospel. Mr. Glenn is director of the Russell Sage Foundation. The needs of the child were given careful consideration and it was the judgment of the social workers that the church should not relinquish the care of her own children. It will be henceforth an item of Episcopal policy to gather up the orphans of the church and place them out in homes where they will be brought up well in the faith. The conference urges upon the priests of the church the creation of a parish committee in each parish which will be charged with the local administration of the social service program. That the conference was regarded as important in the life of the denomination is seen in the fact that the presiding bishop of the church, Bishop Gailor, was present, as well as numerous other ecclesiastics of rank.

America Will Not Be Represented at the Vatican

Those who are particularly alert in watching the political propaganda of the Roman Catholic church have been much concerned over rumors that President Harding would appoint an ambassador to the Vatican. England continues such a relationship which was begun during the

war and France has recently resumed diplomatic relations after a break running back through many years. President Harding asserts that no representative will be appointed unless such action is directed by congress. This should allay the gossip which has been going about recently. It should grow increasingly apparent to the Roman Catholic leaders that the source of much of the anti-Catholic feeling through the world rests back upon the political pretensions of the pope.

Prominent Disciple Layman Takes Vacation in China

David W. Teachout is one of the leading laymen of the Disciples churches of Cleveland. His interest in missionary work has led him to take an extended vacation in China. He has been charmed with the scenery in China and has bought a bungalow on a mountain in which to spend a part of his vacation. Mrs. Teach-

out, who accompanies him, is the daughter of the late Rev. F. E. Meigs, a distinguished missionary to China.

Business Manager a New Profession in the Church

The over-worked pastors of large churches have been seeking for years some method of finding time to do their reading and spiritual service. The latest evolution in the church is the new profession of business manager. Campbell Park Presbyterian Church of Chicago has a manager who looks after all the business details. The pastor preaches while another minister carries on the work of pastoral calling. In this way the minister may once more become an intellectual leader in his community.

NEW YORK Central Christian Church
DR. F. S. IDLEMAN, 142 WEST 81st ST.
"A Friendly Church"

How Coca-Cola Resembles Tea

If you could take about one-third of a glass of tea, add two-thirds glass of carbonated water, then remove the tea flavor and add a little lemon juice, phosphoric acid, sugar, caramel and certain flavors in the correct proportion, you would have an almost perfect glass of Coca-Cola.

In fact, Coca-Cola may be fairly described as "a carbonated, flavored counterpart of tea, of approximately one-third the stimulating strength of the average cup of tea."

The following analyses, made and confirmed by the leading chemists throughout America, show the comparative stimulating strength of tea and Coca-Cola stated in terms of the quantity of caffeine contained in each:

<i>Black tea—1 cupful</i>	<i>1.54 gr.</i>
<i>(hot)</i>	<i>(5 fl. oz.)</i>
<i>Green tea—1 glassful</i>	<i>2.02 gr.</i>
<i>(cold)</i>	<i>(8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice)</i>
<i>Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz.</i>	<i>.61 gr.</i>
	<i>(prepared with 1 fl. oz. of syrup)</i>

Of all the plants which Nature has provided for man's use and enjoyment, none surpasses tea in its refreshing, wholesome and helpful qualities. This explains its almost universal popularity.

The Coca-Cola Company has issued a booklet giving detailed analysis of its recipe. A copy will be mailed free on request to anyone who is interested. Address:

The Coca-Cola Co., Dept. J, Atlanta, Ga., U. S. A.

The Outline of History

By H. G. WELLS

A SURVEY OF THE 41 CHAPTERS

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